

DOCTOR • WHO

SIGNS OF LIFE

PART ONE

SHE LOVES
YOU, YEAH,
YEAH, YEAH...

I can't believe
it! *The Beatles*,
live in Liverpool!

This is
fantastic,
Doctor!

'Course, I was
always more of
a *Stones* fan
myself...

The
Rolling
Stones?

Nah - the *Living
Stones* of
Thurakzima 7.

Silicon-based
life forms. They
put the *rock* into
rock 'n' roll!

Makes you
think, though, this
time-travelling
lark...

I mean, take
the Beatles.
Here we are in the
1960s, watching
those four lads
just starting out.

No idea what
the future
holds...

Which is just as
it should be.

Imagine how *boring* life would
be if you knew what was going
to happen all the time.

I *hate*
spoilers,
don't you?

Script TREVOR BAXENDALE
Art JOHN ROSS
Colours ALAN CRADDOCK
Letters PAUL VYSE





Now that's *really* odd - it looks like the teleportation field is *contracting*, almost as if it's being focused on a particular *area*...

Or *person*! Doctor!



I'm feeling a bit *faint*...

...Doctor!



HELP!

SHZZZZP!

MARTHA!



She's gone!

I was *right* - that was some kind of *teleport beam*! Martha's been *abducted*!



A teleport beam of that power must be operating at *extreme long range*...

Inside the TARDIS...

If I'm *quick*,
the TARDIS
can *track* the
disruptions in
space-time...

...trace the
beam itself...

...and *locate*
Martha. Aha!
There she *is*!

Hold on,
Martha -
I'm on my
way!

Nearly there...
nearly there...

It's not easy
intercepting a
teleport beam...

...but it's
worth it!

EEP!



Welcome back!
Are you *all* right?

I am *now*!
What happened?



Long-range teleport.
You were *zapped* from
Liverpool like a... like a...
well, like someone being
teleported, actually.
Long range.

But - *why*?
Who'd want to
do something
like *that*?



It's *bad news*, I'm
afraid. According to
the instruments, the
beam originated on the
planet *Gelezen*.

And as *bad
news* goes, that's
badder than most.



So what's
on the planet
Gelezen, then?

That's just it - no
one really *knows*.
No one who's been
there has ever
come back.



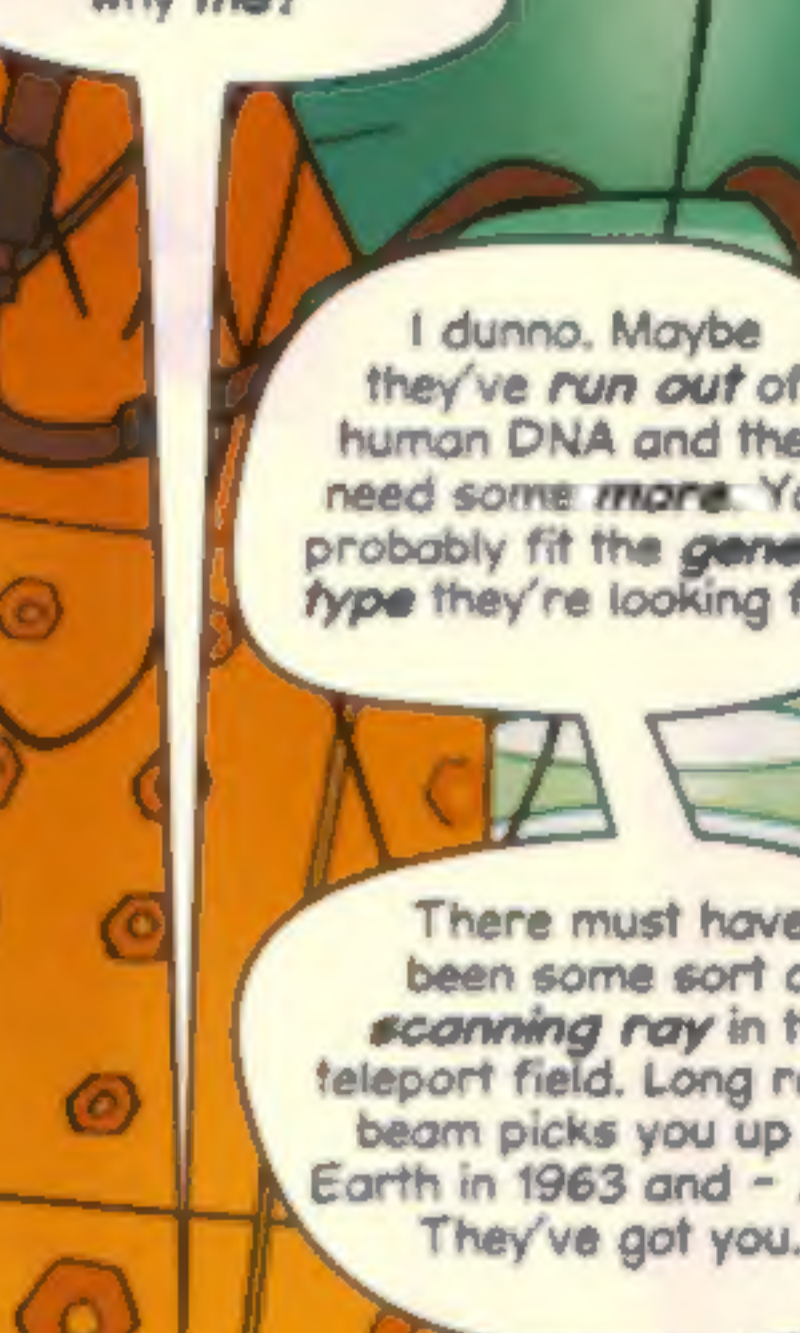
The *Gelezen* adopted a
severe *isolationist policy*
thousands of years ago. The
planet is surrounded by an
impenetrable time field.

What we know
about them is
based on very few
facts - the rest is
just *rumour*.

Such as?

A close-up portrait of a young man with dark, slightly messy hair. He has a serious, intense expression, looking directly at the camera. His eyes are dark and focused, and his mouth is set in a straight line. The background is a solid, light blue color.

To put it *bluntly*, they forcibly *extracted* the deoxyribonucleic acids from *human beings* and *transfused* them into their own clones.



So they're DNA vampires. But why me?

I dunno. Maybe they've *run out* of human DNA and they need some *more*. You probably fit the *genetic type* they're looking for.

There must have been some sort of *scanning ray* in the teleport field. Long range beam picks you up on Earth in 1963 and - *zap!* They've got you.

I dunno. Maybe they've run out of human DNA and they need some *more*. You probably fit the *genetic type* they're looking for.

There must have been some sort of **scanning ray** in the teleport field. Long range beam picks you up on Earth in 1963 and - **zap!** They've got you.

Or rather, they *would* have got you - if I hadn't very *cleverly* intercepted that teleport beam. You're just lucky I'm a *total genius*.

What's that flashing for?

Or rather, they *would* have got you - if I hadn't very *cleverly* intercepted that teleport beam. You're just lucky I'm a *total genius*.

ZERP!
ZERP!
ZERP!

What's that *flashing* for?

Yikes! The TARDIS shields are being overridden!

The TARDIS is being overridden!

The Gelezen are trying to *break through* - they must *really* want you!

Oh no - Doctor!
It's happening
again! Help!

Martha!

Martha!
NO!

Oh no - Doctor!
It's happening
again! Help!

Martha!
NO!

EEEEEEEOOOOOWWWWWW!

CAN THE DOCTOR
SAVE MARTHA? FIND
OUT NEXT ISSUE!